

Corry Brokken

"Young Line Leader"

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[Trae]

Showing up is automatic, when you skating up the block
With the trunk on knock, body rock when I'm in my drop
For the 2K2 I just can't stop, a nigga don't wanna see us
on

Guerilla Maab representing this to the end, bubble
eyed on twins

Setting trends, gonna keep it up when I'ma ride on
winds

It's straight like that, we superstars like that Fat Pat
So niggaz out here better recognize, that we look alive
It's been my time since '99, and it's going down when I
rock the block

Got fo' 18's in a bumper kit, I'm a billion dolla bleeder
Strapped up with a heater, with a beamer, on the mic
I straight up wreck the speaker, while Big Moe straight
up wreck Aaliyah

We got mo' heat than gonorrhoea, so in the rap game
we be the leaders

A Southside thug made swanga, it's that type tight
bump

For the trunk Trae ain't no punk, you fuck around and
fin to wind up dumped

Like millions that's gon off sherm, I pray that you
niggaz learn

That we can't be stopped, just like Screw you on top
We got the game on lock, and anything else ain't us
You get out of line and we'll bust, on top of the game
it's a must

[Hook - 2x]

I'm a young line leader, a billion dolla bleeder
All my bopping baby mamas say what (say what)
Banging Screw down the feeter, catch a hata with the
heater
All my Southside niggaz say huh (say huh)

[H.A.W.K.]

I'm a leader not a foll'a, chump ass niggaz get swalla'd
If you ain't about that dolla, move the fuck or I'ma holla
In a 6-4 Impala, and I'm leaning to the side

Got hoes flagging me down screaming, let me ride
I represent the Southside, along with Dougie D and
Trae
It's the H-A-W-K, and it's mandatory that I pray
For my G's not here today, and my niggaz that's doing
time
I gotta spit these rhymes, to let y'all know you on my
mind
Me and the Maab we gon shine, cause we some young
block bleeders
Dedicated line leaders, on the cuts wearing Adidas
These other cats can't see us, not even with bifocals
We some super thoed locals, with some breath taking
vocals

[Hook - 2x]

Southside, is where we gon swang
Pulling up thoed when we, rolling
Time to show up, in the truck
Or in the slab, reclining on buck
Southside love, it's them thugs
H-A-W-K, Trizxae, and Doug

[Dougie D]

I'm a young line leader, a billion dolla block bleeder
Keeping my heater right by my side, everytime that I
creep up
Mr. Dougie Daddy, bopping baby mamas wanna have
me
They touch me and grab me, cause Dougie crawling in
a Caddy
When I come through and I drop my top, and I'm
flossing in the wind
With a shining gold grin, get the game again cause
looked at my win
Making my Screw swang another diamond feeter
Swerved it from lane to lane, I B.P. the dealer key while
I'm creeping
All of my Southside niggaz, getting bucked and they
hollin' huh
Now tell em what we do, we get this motherfucker wild
up and crunk
This one for Screw this is your majesty, some god
damn G's I had to be
Mashing for the cash you see, nothing but the dolla
sign that's all I see
Ain't nothing but a Southside thang

[Hook - 4x]

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